Meteors and Moonlight by BlueClue182

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Summary:

Mike gets off work and Eleven has a proposition for a late night activity. Spoiler alert: it's not what Mike thinks.

Meteors and Moonlight

Author's Note:

> It's three months later but I'M NOT GIVING UP. You WILL get 30 fluffy short stories out of me. Eventually.

No one was surprised that Mike got a job as soon as he turned 15. At that point, staying out of his mom's house and maintaining excuses not to visit his dad on weekends were his second and third priorities.

"You look so good in the moonlight." Her voice was the sweetest sound at the end of a long day standing behind the counter at the gas station convenience store.

Eleven.

There was his first priority. He smiled in her direction, where she leaned against her car; it was a junky old truck the Chief bought and taught her to drive on when she got her learners permit. Eleven had gotten tall, almost matching Mike inch for inch. She'd grown slow and steady, but Mike would shoot up in fits and starts. Now she almost looked tall enough to *handle* the truck.

"You don't look so bad yourself." He smirked. Two years together mad their relationship comfortable, even easy most of the time.

Eleven shook out her hair, which now reached down to her shoulders. "How about now?"

He grabbed her by the waist. "Still pretty. Always pretty." She leaned back against the car and he could swear her heard her sigh as he kissed her. He didn't blame her. Two years together and he still got light-headed when they so much as held hands in a dark movie theatre. He wasn't sure if he wanted it to wear off or not. He broke their kiss.

She kept her eyes closed and hummed. "Can we go enjoy the moonlight somewhere else?" She whispered. His breath hitched and

he had to clear his throat.

“Isn’t Hopper expecting you home?”

She shook her head. His mouth went dry. “Working.”

“Oh.” He noticed his voice was markedly higher. “Alright, so…what were you thinking?”

“There’s supposed to be an…asteroid shower?”

“A meteor shower?”

She nodded. “Yes! That’s what Dustin called it.”

Mike’s shoulders relaxed. “Dustin?”

“Yeah! He said there would be a meteor shower tonight. Lucas said he’d bring his telescope, and Will’s bringing snacks!”

Mike walked around to the passenger side of the car, shaking his head and laughing. “Alright. Let’s go watch a meteor shower.”